

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1902.

RADIANT BEAUTY OF THE DEPARTMENT GIRLS.

MISS
CLARA
TAYLOR.MISS
KATHARINE
GRAHAM.

MISS PEARL LINKOGEL.

MRS. ALEXANDER
VON DACHENHAUSEN.

MISS BLANCHE HALL.



MISS BLANCHE ARMSTRONG.

Visions of Loveliness on the Street and at the Play That Do Not Come From the Homes of the Cabinet, the Diplomats, or High Official Sets, But From the Ranks of Those Who Engage in Daily Toil for Uncle Sam . . .

NOT all the feminine beauty of the Capital is to be found in the ranks of the official or diplomatic set. Washington is a city full of beautiful women. Everyone knows that. It is, moreover, the happy hunting ground of the bachelor who has tired of single blessedness, and who is seeking a spouse to share his joys and sorrows. These characteristics of Washington are known everywhere, not in this country alone, but in the capitals of Europe, and, in fact, in all civilized places.

Go where you will in Washington, any time during the day, and you will see more beautiful women in fifteen minutes than you will pass on Fifth Avenue in an hour. The morning shoppers on F Street, when you have seen them pass in all the beauty of the morning, bring home to you the truth of what you have heard about the attractiveness of Washington women. But they are not all—these shoppers.

When the clock strikes 4, and the doors of the great Government department buildings swing open, the streets leading from them are crowded with the workers whose day of labor ends at that hour. Representing every community in this great country, the throng is a study. The men are interesting figures as they stride by. The women, however, absorb your whole attention. Hundreds of them seem to be coming from everywhere. Young girls who are hovering near the twenty-year mark in age pour into F Street from the direction of the Capitol. They are from the Census Office. Anyone who knows Washington will tell you that.

It is a beauty show of which Washington boasts. The Census girls are more youthful in appearance than their sisters in the other departments, but from the latter come women in all the charm of maturity.

In dress these glorious creatures are not exceeded by the women of higher rank. As good taste as that which marks the attire of her wealthier sister almost invariably characterizes the dress of the department girl. On F Street, after 4 o'clock—in the "F Street parade," as it is called—it is impossible to distinguish the woman of riches and rank from a woman who earns her living in a Government department.

The significance of this is plain. It means that the real distinction between the two is to be found in the difference in wealth. No perceptible difference is there in dress nor are the marks of good breeding in the one lacking in the other. That these things are so should not and does not surprise anyone. Everyone familiar with the personnel of the departments knows that there are in them ladies of some of the oldest and most distinguished families in America. Names famous in United States history are on the rolls of every department. The gentility of all sections of the country is represented in every branch of departmental service.

Perhaps the fortunes of war, force of circumstances of a business nature, or an unselfish devotion to country were factors in making it necessary for these women to seek employment in a Government office. An honorable name, a priceless treasure, was the only inheritance of many of them, and work of some sort had to be done to provide the comforts of life. Others are in office because they are not content to live in idleness. To enjoy an independence of their own providing is an incentive to many girls and women who try to secure appointments in Washington.

Be those things as they may, circumstances of whatever nature have sent to the executive departments of the Capital a class of women who distinguish Wash-

ington among American cities as the Capital of Beauty.

At the theater you will hear the stranger exclaim:

"What beautiful women—and how superbly gowned! I am indeed fortunate to be here tonight, when society is out in such numbers."

Tell that man that at least two-thirds of the fair women in the audience make no pretensions to claims of social recognition, but are employed in the Government offices, and you will surprise him beyond measure.

At the play you will see these women of the departments in groups of three or four, often without escorts and unchaperoned. It is typical of their independence to go thus without masculine protection or a dowager for a guardian, such as you see accompanying another group of pretty maidens, all of the smart set, for there is a young countess among them.

Almost invariably you will find yourself at a loss to distinguish the independent bachelor girl from her wealthier sister unless one or the other be known to you personally or by sight.

In these days when the stage finds recognition with girls of good family, and to whom it offers a lucrative income, it is not unusual to hear of most estimable young ladies taking up the profession. Washington has furnished its share of talent and beauty to the American drama, and it has become so now that managers in search of talented recruits for their

companies keep close watch on the Capital.

Every season there are women and young girls who leave their desks at the departments to join theatrical organizations. The most recent recruit to the stage is Miss Clara Taylor, who until very recently was employed in the Census Office. She is now playing a part in George W. Lederer's latest production, "The Wild Rose," which is being tried on the road preliminary to its opening in New York on May 5. It is a regulation casino production, a beauty show, with a dash of music and a streak of wit.

A dozen beauty shows could be furnished with their necessary pretty women from the same office in which Miss Tay-

lor held a clerkship, provided, of course, that the young women would be willing to leave their desks for the footlights.

Others at the Beauty Show.

At the Census Office Miss Pearl Linkogel is regarded as one of the most attractive clerks in the office. Miss Linkogel made the record on the tabulation machines when that part of the work was being done, and the mark she reached was never passed by any of her fellow-clerks.

In the same office Katherine Graham is another young beauty. Mrs. Alexander von Dachenhausen, until recently a clerk in the Census Office, is a very dainty type of brunette. Mrs. von Dachenhausen comes from one of the old-

THROWS AWAY A FORTUNE IN PINS

TAKE care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves," is an axiom that does not obtain to any great extent within the purview of Uncle Sam's domestic economy.

It is a fact common to the knowledge of thousands that the Government of this great and growing country is as prodigal as the famous son of Biblical lore, and to none is it so apparent as to Washingtonians, who have watched the small things that go to waste in the several departments every day of the year.

The matter of paying rent for offices on a basis of from 10 to 20 per cent per annum, when money to erect buildings

may be borrowed at 2 per cent and the rent saved, is but one of the many small ways in which the public money is wasted.

A smaller way still than this is the waste of material in a hundred ways, one of which came under the observation of a merchant the other day, and who said that he could make a fortune in a much shorter time than at his own business were he permitted to collect the stuff that Uncle Sam throws away. It was in the Treasury Department that his attention was called to the point which he remarked.

The score of clerks in the redemption division were busily engaged in opening bundles of worn and mutilated currency

that came to them, and as they worked they threw into boxes the pins that fastened the bundles of bills that came to them to be counted. Investigation developed the fact that each of the women clerks who counted the bills and signed them gathered an average of one large cigar box full of pins each day. There are twenty of these clerks working an average of 200 days each year, therefore 6,000 boxes of fine pins are thrown away each year in this one division of a great Government.

The pins that are used are very large and very strong, and cost much more than the ordinary toilet pins. Anybody but Uncle Sam would save these pins, but they are thrown on the dump, and go where the tomato cans go.

est and most aristocratic families in Indiana. She was formerly Miss Bessie Logne Steele. She now lives in Mount Holly, N. J., where her husband is president of the South Jersey Electric Light and Traction Company. Her mother, however, is a resident of Washington.

Mrs. von Dachenhausen became very well known and popular during her stay in Washington, and her fame as a singer of "coon" songs has been the means of attracting professional attention to her, so that if she were inclined to a stage career the way would be easily open to her. At the Treasury Department Miss Blanche Armstrong is looked upon as a beauty. In addition, she has a grace of

manner that greatly enhances her attractive personality. Miss Blanche Hall, of the Interior Department, is a very pretty blonde. Her color is perfect, and her eyes, of a delicate shade of blue, animate an extremely pretty face.

To enumerate all the pretty women in the Government departments of the Capital would indeed be a task. It suffices to say that it is the exception when one is not attractive. That they go to make up that part of the population of the city which is well dressed, well bred, and, in fact, representative of the refinement and prosperity of the city and nation, is a truth sufficiently obvious to make demonstration of it unnecessary.

(From Photographs by Bachrach Bros. and the Paine Studio.)